

The Weekly Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

DON'T FAIL TO READ
THE OPENING CHAPTERS
OF
MISS JONES' INTERESTING SERIAL
'JUST AFTER THE WAR.'

EDWARD A. OLDHAM,
Editor and Publisher.

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JUST AFTER THE WAR.

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

Written for The Weekly Sentinel by Eleanor M. Jones, of New Bern, N. C.,
Author of "Miss Littlejohn."

CHAPTER III [CONTINUED.]

If Aunt Priscilla ever comes to see us, I've decided, that for once in my life, I'm going to try Belle's art of ingratiating myself. I believe that's it with her. Belle says, "she'll live forever, that they always do in New England, and I might as well bury all hopes from that direction," but never mind, it's not likely, considering, she's over sixty now, that she'll live so very much longer, and I'm practicing to receive her when she does come, which she writes will be some day.

Jack says the style won't be natural if I don't act it all the time, and aunt being so keen will see through it, but I'll trust to luck, and I reckon I'll get through, I generally do somehow.

Belle's got a beautiful name, besides, as she thinks, the entire good looks of the family, with her yellow curls, baby blue eyes, wax doll skin, and hands that can't wash dishes, for fear they'll be spoiled, pshaw!

She's named Isabel Fontaine, after one of mother's school-mates; one she met at the big school in New York where she went, and she sent a handsome silver mug, with her name on it, and a lovely diamond ring, while Aunt Priscilla, with all her money, has never given me anything in her life, but a bed quilt and four pairs of stockings she knit herself, the very idea.

Mother says I ought to appreciate them more, as they are her own work, but with all her money, I do think she might have done better, so I do, but never mind, that Miss Fontaine is married, and that's the end of her for Belle, while Aunt Priscilla never will be won, that's a sure fact, so we're about even; Belle's had her good things, while mine are to come.

Bless my heart! I've gotten entirely off the track of the berry question, clean off.

Well, here I am again at the bushes. First I was mad at mother's refusing to let me go, but it's not one bit of use to be mad off by yourself, so by degrees I got to singing while I was picking.

I can beat Belle at that; she can't turn a tune, and everybody says, why even Archie, that my voice is as clear as a bell, but all at once I started to run after a rabbit, I didn't know my dress was caught on a bush, but in another minute I knew there was a big tear in it; that's my usual luck; nobody's clothing ever tear like mine; it's all for being Belle's old ones I vow; there's no strength in them, after she's paraded in 'em for years.

Well, while I was trying to fix it some way, I heard voices near our rock wall (which separates our place from the woods) so not wanting whoever it was to see me I stooped down, but wanting myself to see who it was, I peeped through the bushes, and behold Belle and Joel; they'd been to walk I suppose, and were going home that way; they didn't look my way, but stepped so near to talk, that I could hear every thing they said. I reckon I'm a good listener anyhow, but I strained my ears this time to good purpose.

CHAPTER IV.

They made a pretty picture I'll own. She, with her yellow curls, trying to look half mad, half sad, dressed in a blue muslin (which will fall to my share when it gets a little paler) with some roses, red roses in her hands, picking them to pieces to make you look at her hands to see how white they are. Her figure looked so slender, as she stood beside Joel, her head just reaching to his shoulders, and seeming so delicate and slim, while he looked so tall and strong (even if he hasn't but one arm) and, since he's gotten over his wound, so full of health and energy.

Then he's dark; has the blackest hair and whiskers I ever saw, and lovely, soft, brown eyes; then he always wears black clothes, even in summer, so he and Belle do suit in looks, and seem like they were made for each other in that respect, though she isn't half good enough for him, but she seems to suit him, so perhaps she may improve.

He looks like a hero, and I should think she had read enough novels, for she lives on them, to see that he does; I should think she would idolize him, love him to distraction, like girls in books; but she don't and I'm afraid never will.

The fact is, he was caught too easily, and she admires the ones she can't entrap, the most.

If ever I have a nice beau like Joel,

and I shan't be satisfied with any less nice, I'll show Miss Belle how to be sensible; I'll be as sweet as honey all the time.

I won't tell a story and say I wasn't half crazy to hear what they said, for I was half dying to, and I was so still, that I could hear my own heart beat, and I was afraid they would too, and find me out, though I was pretty well hid from them. In moving about to hear better, and get more out of sight, I got all scratched up with thorns of old rose-bushes, that had run over the wall, and my dress and face were smeared with the berries, and altogether, I know I looked like a runaway hiding for my life.

What I first heard was this, in Belle's low, hypocritical company voice, and I could have killed her on the spot, "I think we had better end our little affair (as if his heart wasn't interested) you are too tyrannical; I suppose it is owing to the difference in our ages; you can't appreciate youth's craving for enjoyment."

How I wanted to scream out, you deceitful piece, and it's a wonder I didn't, for all of her book-heroes are old men, who fall in love with young girls, and I've heard her say a hundred times, she wouldn't marry any man, unless he was ten years older than she was. Now, she's nineteen and Joel thirty, but she's trying to make him out eighty.

I couldn't see his face, for he stood sideways; he had his hat in his hand, for he never talks to ladies, not even to me, with it on his head, but when he spoke his voice didn't tremble, as they do in books, but it sounded very low and deep. I don't believe she expected him to talk as he did; I know she thought he'd fall down on his knees and beg her pardon, and then she would have felt he was all wrong, and she perfectly right, but she's so conceited she thinks that anyway.

"I think you are right, Belle," he said, and I could have stuffed his mouth with cotton; the idea of his humoring her conceit in that way. "I am too old ever to have thought that a bright little girl could have been happy with such an old foggy, for I'm older than my years, this has added untold years to my life," and he touched his empty sleeve. I cried where I sat, and it seemed to me that Belle must have been marble not to cry too.

"I am old," and it sounded as if he was talking to himself, "and it was foolish in me to dream that you would be willing to give up the love and admiration of other men for such as I am now," and he sighed then, and seemed to try and rouse himself from that dream; then he walked closer to her and said, "I've made a mistake child, and give you back your freedom."

At this, I could see from Belle's face she was getting madder and madder. She don't really love anybody but herself, but she wants the love of all; she enjoys having a string of beaux; she likes to be considered and called a belle, and she hadn't any notion, I know of getting rid of Joel, it's too much of an honor to have his attention, he's been looked upon as a sort of man that would always be constant to his dead love; not a man to be easily attracted, and so you see it was a big thing for Belle to add him to her list. Then plenty others wanted him, and he's a lion in our place, so when she began this little fuss, she had no idea, but what she'd just let him feel her power, that she could wind him round her finger. She thought he would be terrified at the prospect of losing her, and for the sake of marrying her in the end, he would let her flirt with every man she met, be engaged to all she chose, if only she'd settle down as his at last. Her notion was to hold on to him, and marry him if she couldn't get more money.

But she didn't know Joel like I do, he must be all or none, there's no dividing affections for him; he got his ideas of engagements from the old times, none of the new-fangled ones about flirting for him; he's a plain matter-of-fact man, with little foolishness about him.

Now, he's asked her, or told her, he's willing to break the engagement, and it serves her right. She thought he worshipped her so much, he'd die

without her; now she sees he's going to try the living first.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]
This story was begun in No. 18 of the present volume of THE SENTINEL. Back numbers can be had at five cents each.

COURT WEEK IN CHATHAM.

Some Points Gathered by The Sentinel's Traveler.

Staff Correspondence of The Sentinel.
PITTSBORO, N. C. May 18.—Superior court is in session here this week, Judge Walter Clark presiding. Light criminal docket no capital cases to be tried this term. Strong Norwood was convicted for abandoning his family and living in adultery with a negro woman, and was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment in the county



VIEW OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

jail and a fine of \$500 and all costs. Norwood is of a highly respectable family and has been a very good character up to within a very few years. Drink, we understand is the cause of his down fall.

It is useless for us to say anything in commendation of Judge Clark. His character as a Judge is already well known in North Carolina. The writer served under Col. Clark during the late war and like all the rest of his boys learned to love and respect him. No young man has a brighter future than Judge Clark.

The weather is very inclement and the crowd in attendance is not so large as was expected. The usual number of lawyers are in attendance among them we had the pleasure of meeting Hon. Chas. M. Stedman of Wilmington. Whom we understand is considered the most available man to succeed Congressman Bennett from the Sixth District.

The crops of small grain are generally poor in this section and corn and cotton are rather late owing to the backward spring. Chatham is a very large county and has a climate and soil adapted to the growth of nearly everything that can be mentioned and is destined to be one of the leading counties in the State both in population and wealth. The railroad to this place is being pushed rapidly and we hope will be completed by the last of the present year. This will be a grand event in the history of Pittsboro.

J. B. DeGraffenreid Esq., of Hickory Mountain Township, Chatham county, is a lineal descendant of Baron DeGraffenreid, of Switzerland. His grandfather moved to this State nearly a century ago. By the way he is a very successful farmer, being one among the few who have made money by farming since the war. He has very fine lands and raises mixed crops of grain and cotton and will raise a small crop of tobacco this year. He also gives some attention to the breeding of fine cattle and has now some very fine Jerseys on hand. He raises every thing needed for home use and lives well.

I heard the following good joke about Vance, a few days ago: A young Professor in charge of a second-class country school wrote at some length to Senator Vance inviting him to deliver the annual address at the close of his school saying in conclusion that he would like very much for him to put in at the appointed time. He received a postal card by return mail from the Senator with the following: "Spec you would."

Z. B. VANCE.

Mr. H. P. Straughn of this county is said to have put spectacles on his nose to improve his sight. A more novel thing than this has been done by one of Mr. Straughn's neighbors. During the fall and winter while there is nothing green for his stock to eat puts a pair of green spectacles on each of them and they are seen going about tugging at bunches of dry broom straw and other dead weeds apparently satisfied with the result. TRAVELLER.

Pay for the SENTINEL, till Jan. 1st, '87, and get Soules' Portrait.

THE CITY BY THE SEA.

A GRAPHIC PEN PICTURE OF WILMINGTON.

The Largest Naval Stores Market in the World—Reminiscences of History.

A reporter of the Charleston News and Courier recently visited Wilmington and treated its readers to a splendidly written ten column article on the Naval Stores Metropolis of the world. The press of Wilmington might have gone to unusual labor to reproduce so excellent and gratifying an account, but they simply alluded to it in a mild sort of way, leaving the good people of the place to draw on

mans and a colony from Barbadoes, in 1665, settled at a point about two miles from the present site of the city and named the settlement Charlestown. But it appears that the place did not suit them, and a few years afterwards Sir John and most of the colonists removed first to Port Royal and subsequently to the point at the junction of the Cooper and Ashley River, which is now occupied by Charleston. Those of Sir John's compatriots who remained behind founded the town of Brunswick, about six miles below the North Carolina "Charlestown," and in 1725, being reinforced by a number of settlers who left Massachusetts in disgust with the Blue laws of the Puritan fathers, abandoned Brunswick and settled at the point now occupied by Wilmington. The date of Wilmington's birth is therefore set down by the local historians at 1730. The early

Wilmingtonians seem to have had considerable difficulty in settling upon a name for their town, for they first called it "New Liverpool," and then "Newton," and finally in 1739 settled upon its present name in compliment to Spence Compton, Baron Wilmington, who appears to have been a kind of blue-blooded friend of Governor Gabriel Johnston. The new town of Wilmington soon surpassed Brunswick, which gradually fell to pieces and was finally abandoned. Fort Anderson, of Confederate fame, occupies the site, and during the late unpleasantness received considerable attention from the blockading squadron.

There are many historic spots around Wilmington. A gentleman pointed out near Wrightsville Sound a little hammock called Money Island, where Capt. Kidd is supposed to have buried some of his numerous treasures, and assured me that there was not an inch of the soil that had not been turned up in the search for it. There does not seem to be any authority for the statement that Capt. Kidd buried his treasure here, but it is historical that in 1740 a number of Spanish privateers landed on the coast hereabouts and raised Cain with the inhabitants. One of the vessels was wrecked, and an *Eccc Homo* taken from it is still preserved in St. James Episcopal Church, which is said to have been originally built by the aid of the spoils captured from the privateers.

In 1758 there were sixty householders in Wilmington whose property aggregated £6725. There were no Jay Goulds among them. In 1762 the population numbered 1,000. In 1764 the first newspaper was published in the town. It was called the *Gazette*.

Wilmington, of course, had a hand in the Mecklenburg declaration of independence, and, of course, went through the usual revolutionary process of boarding a British man-of-war and destroying tea and stamped paper and other contraband articles. Wilmington also went through the Revolutionary war with a varying success. Lord Cornwallis was here, and the house in which he established his headquarters is still pointed out on the corner of Third and Markets streets. I know that Cornwallis had his headquarters here, for I saw the house myself, and a very handsome structure it is too.

Up to the breaking out of the late unpleasantness the town thrived apace with other Southern cities. There were the rich rice planters and the rich slave-owners, and the place became an important seaport. The State was not behind her sister States in flying to arms. Col. John L. Cantwell, who looks as young and handsome as he did a half a century ago, when in the ranks of the Palmetto Regiment he carried the Stars and Stripes over the bloody fields of Buena Vista, commanded at the breaking out of the late war the 30th regiment of North Carolina militia. On the 15th of April, 1861, Col. Cantwell and the militia, consisting of the Wilmington Light Infantry, Capt. W. L. DeRoset; the German Volunteers, Capt. C. Cornelson; the Wilmington Rifle Guards, Capt. O. P. Meurs; and the Cape Fear Light Artillery, Capt. J. Hedrick, captured Forts Caswell and Johnston, at the Mouth of the Cape Fear River.

It is useless to recall the dark and dreary days of the four years succeeding that event. Wilmington, like her sister cities, gave her best energies to the cause, and like many of her sister cities came out of the struggle baptized in blood and fire. Then commenced the work of re-building waste places and reconstructing lost fortunes, the dreary struggle for bread, and the subsequent struggle for the supremacy of white civilization.

Wilmington was incorporated as a city in 1866, and Mr. A. H. Van Bokkelen was its first mayor.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.
Wilmington stands in the relation of a kind of stepmother to Charleston, for, as is well-known, Sir John Yea-

"SHADOW."

A FREEZY AND CHARACTERISTIC LETTER

From The Sentinel's Special Correspondent at the National Capital—Col. Green and Oleomargarine.

WASHINGTON, May 24th.—The Chinese question is perhaps the worst specimen of the violent form American politics can take. Calm consideration, an earnest desire to do justice, a proud determination to be a true American, brings all to the conclusion that John should have the same privileges as Mike, or Tony, or any other foreigner. Analyzed, as they should be, the misdirected arguments of the workingman against John are but a breath of wind compared with the great American principles involved. There is politics in the question, to be sure, but this may be all that moves the Congressional soul when the workman demands John's pig-tail. The New-England Methodist Episcopal conference but uttered a quiet protest last week that receives response in every land where fanaticism has not yet taken root.

THE SENATE
passed the bill for the protection of girls in the District of Columbia. A perfect avalanche of petitions against oleomargarine struck the Senate on Monday. The pension bill was under consideration. Senator Frye's amendment to the shipping bill, equalizing privileges between Canada and United States, was passed. It became a matter of conference. The labor arbitration bill afforded several Senators an opportunity to give their experience as Republicans. Kiddleberger proposed a statue to Zack Taylor. The question of Alabama rewards was discussed.

THE HOUSE
passed the urgent deficiency bill. The legislative, executive, and judicial appropriation bill, as reported, allows \$20,710,877.42 against \$21,371,605.05 allowed last year, and \$21,400,685.05 asked this year. Representative Bennett introduced a bill to abolish ten percent tax on State Banks' circulating notes. The Senate bill providing for moral instruction on alcohol, etc., in the schools of the District, was passed. A statue to Edwin Stanton was suggested. The question of subsidy, as an amendment to the Post Office appropriation bill, opened quite a little war of words. Republicans favored the subsidy.

OLEOMARGARINE
has at last dropped upon the Congressional palate. It was predicted that, when oleomargarine dropped on the Congressional palate, the Congressional palate would drop on oleomargarine. It is so; somebody besides Representative Green has tasted of the bitter cup. Best of all, it is the Senate that has had the St. Vitus dance given its tongue. One Senator denounces the whole conspiracy as "infamous articles." Everybody knows that old Roman struck an extra large lump, and though the real credit is due Representative Green, the eaters who spread oleomargarine on the Congressional palate, have saved the country. Their intentions were good; they but sought to oil the Congressional tongue. But the Congressional tongue is oily enough.

THE GREAT DANGER
is, the Senate may go too deep into the subject. It has always had an uncomfortable tendency in that direction. The dairymen of the country tremble, lest the Senate discover the cold, hard truth—another something the Senate has failed to do in many moons. And yet in the market house from which the Senate draws its inspiration, oleomargarine, butterine, and all other reminders of the soap factory, are sold in broad daylight. There is no attempt to deceive the public. Boarding house keepers know what they are buying when they buy oleomargarine.

THE STARTLING TRUTH
is, people eat oleomargarine often as butter. It is quite generally conceded no one can tell the difference by the mere analysis of the palate. It must be eaten early and often, as is the experience of the Congressional palate, before the horrible conviction fastens upon the mind. And even then, there seems to be no remedy. There was a time people wouldn't eat tomatoes or chew tobacco. In the matter of proof, the manufacturers of oleomargarine have forestalled the outcry of the Congressional palate. Hundreds of scientists are quoted. The *Scientific American* says, "Oleomargarine is as much a farm product as beef or butter, and is as wholesome as either." It is not even a matter of taste; nobody can tell the difference. But, to thousands of honest American dairymen, it is a question of bread and butter.

THE FREE SHIP BILL,
which took away Little Mr. Dingley's breath, and on which Winking Reed "wunk" quite violently, was unearthed.

(CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.)